VOICE OF THE PULPIT

WORDS OF COMMENDATION FOR THE "UNCALENDARED SAINTS."

Unknown, They Have Not Lived in Vain—A Sermon by the Rev. Henry R. Rose, of Auburn, Me.

And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.—Malachi iii, 17.

In a country churchyard, there amidst the solemn memorials of hearts that once throbbed and minds that once dreamed and planned, Gray wrote his immortal elegy, in which he said:

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

It is about lives such as these—lives true, lives good, lives Christ-like, yet lives unknown and uncalendared, that I desire to speak. I have a word of commendation and of cheer for all such.

Think of the number of such uncalendared saints that abound. There are the people of integrity. Do not look for them all in seats of eminence and posts of great responsibility. While there are ten like Henry Clay, who missed the presidency three times because he would not compromise his principles, there are ten thousand humbler souls who are missing wealth and ease and freedom itself for conscience sake.

Peer into the recesses of the lives of some of our store and shop girls and see the sacrifices they are making and the temptations they are resisting, because they will not part with their virtue. God in heaven looks frowningly down on the payers of a wage that is not enough to enable a woman to avoid fearful temptations, but he smiles approvingly and encouragingly upon his myriad daughters who keep their chastity in spite of their circumstances. All around us, every day, every hour, we pass and are passed by souls—humble, modest, determined—the incarnations of integrity.

Think, also, of the unheralded people of courage. When so esteemed a patriot as Gladstone finds that a cataract has obliterated the sight of one eye and that another cataract has begun to form on the other, the whole world is apprised of the sad fact. And when that grand old man, in spite of his eighty-four years, goes to the oculist and says:

"I wish you to remove the cataract at once," and to the oculist's remonstrance and caution that it may not prove a successful operation, calmly and resolutely replies: "That is a risk I accept"—when the news of such pluck is flashed to us over the wires we thank God that the old world has had such a hero to mold its destiny. But such courage in a conspicuous man must not blind us to the same fearlessness in multitudes the world knows little or nothing about. Our military reminiscences are replete with stories of the bravery of Hooker, and Sheridan, and Farragut, and leaders of their rank and nerve, but for every heroic deed ascribed to them the men under their command did fifty. Our civil war was fought and the Union preserved by the heroes in the ranks, thousands of whom are sleeping to-day in nameless graves.

Think also of the obscure saints of devotion,

The bravely dumb that did their deed,
And scorned to blot it with a name;
Men of the plain, heroic breed
That loved heaven's silence more than fame.

Spirits like these are filling the slum sections of our cities with their angelic presences and heavenly cheer. They are to be found, also, in a hundred homes where least suspected and seldom disovered. Yes, how many saints there are who get no recognition as such, no appreciation at all. Who spreads your table and makes your home tidy and cheery? A saint. Who, hearing that sickness has invaded your house, comes with the speed of the sunlight and the tenderness of an angel to help you in your extremity? A saint. Who sits with silver hair and a heavenly spirit close up to your hearthfire, holding her grandchild with a fondness almost your own, and though she is not strong to work with her hands, is so ripe and rich in her soul as to cause the very peace of God to pervade your circle? Truly, a saint. Who, in the face of poverty, hard times, discouragement, keeps a hopeful countenance and a cheery voice and economizes at every point for your sake and the children's sake and the home's sake? Verily, a saint. All of them saints, to be recognized and appreciated and loved.

Now as we think about such faithful, obscure lives, two thoughts arise:

First, we think they cannot be without influence. However humble and circumscribed a saintly life may be, still we feel that it affects its race, and for good. In this feeling we are not astray. History is filled with confirmations. One of the most retired women of her time was Monica, the sweet mother of Augustine, and yet her devout spirit, her beautiful ways and her tireless pleadings, reclaimed her son from infidelity to faith and gave the world the greatest of the Latin church fathers. Luther was also shaped by his mother's hand. Very few of us know her name. If it is true that such faithful souls

* * * have no place in storied page,
No rest in marble shrine;
They are passed and gone with a perished age,
They died and made no sign,

it is likewise true that the lives they lived and the deeds they did have welled up, and are welling up, and will forever well up in the mighty men and the mighty movements that are bearing the race nearer and yet nearer its destiny.

Our other thought about these uncalendared saints leads us to deny that their lives are unnoted. No church writes their names on its partial scroll, no history sketches their career with its deathless pen, no monument of any perishable kind lifts its spire to do them honor, and yet they are remembered. In their own day and neighborhood some one noticed them and admired them. "They are tombed in true hearts that knew them well." But, in the language of the text, there is an all-seeing eye that does not miss them. "Tho God seest me, even me," the humblest soul may say, feeling that its purity, its simplicity, its loving kindness, its devotions are known above. And even where such a life is being lived without any thought of its merit and without any expectation of appreciation or reward, angels are following it and bending over it and carrying the tidings of its fidelity to God. In one of his prophetical outbursts Jesus portrayed the future; that day in which God would make up his jewels, and these were the wonderful words that he spake for cheer of the unconscious and uncomplaining faithful: "Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, come, ye bleesed of my father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? or when saw we thee sick or in prison, and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

O, my faithful brother, my devoted sister, you of limited circumstances and unpretending goodness, here are thoughts to cheer you and stimulate you in patient fidelity. Your life and your works are influential; they are known of men, not because you live for influence or human praise, but because you are true to your nearest duties and are working with God. You are beloved. At this moment some one would rise up and call you blessed; some one would help you bear a burden did it come to you; some one would press your hand warmly were you passing through a fiery trial. You are not listening for the word of eulogy, but your name is on some lip and your praise is being chanted in some heart. You are not living a pure and consecrated life in vain. Heaven, too, is bending down and doing you homage. There was a song on the Judean hills when the supreme saint was born into this world, for the angels of God knew of his birth and rejoiced in its promise. There are songs above all hills, beyond the blue, over your consecration, for the angels of God know that you are walking where the Savior trod, stooping as the Savior stooped and blessing as He blessed. Your name is written in heaven. What matter, then, if here it be uncalendared? What matter if the world or the church in blazoning forth its worthies omits your name, so long as you know that when the Lord of Hosts comes to make up his jewels you will have a place in his diadem?

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HORIZONTAL ELEVATORS.

The very people who are most afraid of Socialists and Nationalists and Anarchists are every day using one of the most communistic bits of machinery which has yet been invented.

This is the elevator, which takes a man up twenty-one stories in Chicago, sixteen stories in New York, ten stories in Boston, and five stories in Syracuse, and takes him down again; and does this for nothing. He may be as black as a dress coat, or as white as a shirt front; he many be green if he comes from Green Bay, or he may be red if he is a Pottawatomie. But he goes up or down as freely as the swallow flies across the pond. He may have ten thousand fifty-dollar certificates of the new loan, or he may be going up to ask a bloated millionaire for a loan of fifty cents. It is all one to the boy who runs the elevator; black or white, green or red, rich or poor, this man—or, if she be of the stronger sex, this woman—goes free.

When people come to us and ask how the congestion of cities is to be relieved, and it is necessary for us to answer in two words, as it sometimes is, our answer is, "Horizontal elevators."

Why does the vertical elevator run so impecuniously? Why is there never any talk of paying a toll at the bottom, a toll at the top—nay, nor a fee to the elevator boy, unless you be a bloated capitalist who has lived in the building for seventeen years, and rewards him with twenty-five cents on New Year's day? Why should there be so much difference between the few minutes spent in going out of town to the north or the south or the east or the west, and the few minutes spent in going towards heaven in the elevator which runs to the twenty-first story?

There is a general desire among the people who do hard work in cities, to enjoy the air and light and comfort and health which they would have if they lived a few miles out of the congested center. It corresponds exactly to the fancy which an intelligent man has for an office high up, in Chicago or New York, from which he can see the sunset. But the bank cashier, or the foreman in a chair factory, does not want to walk out to his pretty ranch a couple of miles out of town, any more than the occupant of office No. 1427 wants to walk up fourteen flights of stairs. For the occupant of office No. 1427 the owner of that office understands that he must provide an elevator, or the occupant will go away. There will be no tenants if that elevator does not run from 7 in the morning to 10 at night. When therefore he rents the office to the occupant of No. 1427, he agrees with him that that elevator shall run, and if the elevator does not run, the occupant has an action against him.

Before the twentieth century is very far advanced, the man who owns a farm, of perhaps an old-fashioned quarter-section, within a few miles of the thriving city of New Edinburg or Cranberry Center, will find out that he must do just the same thing if he wants to sell his lots or if he wants to rent his houses. The fortunate introduction of the electric railway gives him an opportunity to do this. He will cut up his hundred and sixty acres into six hundred and forty quarter-acre house-lots. If he advertises those house-lots for sale or to rent, the priests and the Levites, the Samaritans and the Gentiles, will pass by on the other side. But if, on the other hand, he says to all comers that the elevator which takes a man in and out, to his cottage and from his cottage, will run freely for him so long as he occupies that cottage, he will find a plenty of applicants. It is very easy to calculate, from any annual report of any electric railway company, that this is not going to cost this land-owner a great deal. It will cost him less and less with every year. His pretty suburb will start up into life as no other suburb of that town does. And the city which first carries out this system will be as if it had discovered gas which flowed permanently, or as if, in the fine vernacular, it had "struck oil."

So far all this could be done by that comfortable fellow whose father or grandfather took up a hundred and sixty acres when the Pottawatomies or Ojibways lived in the neighborhood. The more philosophical step, of course, would be for the city which is to profit by such an enterprise to undertake this charge itself. Why not? For centuries the towns and cities of America have, in a certain way, made their public ways free to all sorts and conditions of men. The long street called Washington street, in the city in which I live, has cost more money than the Union Pacific railway cost, since John Winthrop and the rest of them, in 1630, sunk into its mud. Nine generations of people have been draining it and widening it, and paving it, and lighting it. And now the wickedest, dirtiest, poorest, and meanest tramp who arrives from the village lowest down in Moldavia, may walk up and down Washington street, twenty-four hours of the day if he wants to, and nobody shall ask him for a quarter of a mill for making use of its privileges. This is because, on the whole, the people of Boston have found it is worth while to maintain convenient streets for Moldavians, or Bulgarians, or Venzuelans, or Cubans, or Newfoundlanders, for whomsoever may come along. In the progress of civilization it proves better to put rails on those streets. Very good; put rails upon them. If you have rails it is worth while to put up a trolley. Very good; put up a trolley. If you have a trolley you may as well be running cars, and running them all the time. Very good; put on the cars. There is no particular point in this process at which it is necessary, by the eternal order of things, to begin to tax the traveler. The tax ought to be laid, and will be laid among sensible people, at the place where it is most convenient to collect the taxes. And this is the reason why one says, with a good deal of confidence, that before the middle of the twentieth century there will be horizontal elevators running out of every important American city.

Even since I wrote the article above, this admirable Mayor Pingree, of Detroit, has briefly explained to the Commercial Club of Providence the way in which he has begun the introduction of this twentieth century in Detroit. Mayor Pingree seems to understand the twentieth century as well as most men do. They have brought down their fares in Detroit from five cents to three; and by and by they will find it is as well not to be paying three cents to conductors for collecting their own salaries. When that time comes, they will pay the motormen well, and the owners of the outlaying country for twenty miles round Cranberry Center and New Edinburgh will foot the bills.

EDWARD E. HALE.

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THE COMING HAT.

Latest Styles in Feminine Headgear as Found in Paris.

Letter in New York Tribune.

The "spring bonnet" has been the property of the "comic page man" for so long that it has acquired an importance that does not belong to it; but it may as well be stated, for the benefit of the spring rhymester, that there will be no spring bonnet this season, for the bonnets are going to be toques. There are no shapes at all that can properly be termed bonnets, and only two that in any way suggest bonnets. Of these one is a modification of the Holland cap, close and tight behind the ears. I believe the "Dutch bonnet" had such a run of favor in America last year that it quickly lost popularity with those who desire exclusive modes; but it has never been common or very popular here. It is not a becoming shape to most French women, and is considered too coquettish for young girls, therefore it has remained in favor for the few who fancy it.

The second shape is called the "Granier," after the actress for whom it was designed. It is really a toque, but a toque with the trimming massed very full and high about the face, and is set rather far back on the head. The model that Virot shows has the crown of a fancy rose straw with flat sides and the ruffled front of black velvet with a cluster of skeleton feathers and black flowers rising above the face. Mlle. Granier's own hat has the same trimming, but the crown is of purple straw.

The fancy straws for the spring are charming, and it is doubtful if any plain straws will be worn. There is one pretty mosslike straw, and another which looks like black caracule. The "ribbon straw" is delightful. It is a moss straw with a wide, smooth, ribbon-like straw running through it and making little loops. This straw is used for the Granier shape. The iridescent straws are very pretty.

Large hats have not appeared yet. They will probably form a part of the summer millinery, but for the early spring the capote and toque are preferred, and these are generally made of fancy straws, violets and gauze. A beautiful "flower hat," however, has rather a wide, straight brim. The shape is made of wired black net, but the whole brim is covered with Parma violets, with the leaves making an edge about the face. The crown is encircled by pink roses, with many green leaves, and a cluster of leaves and stalks rises up on one side. The whole chapeau is draped with a light cloud of green tulle. This use of tulle is very modish and appears on the majority of spring hats.

A pretty walking hat is of a fancy black straw and has a rolling brim. On one side there is a double brim, and the two are separated by a bunch of violets. The hat is charmingly trimmed with white gauze, greenish-white snowballs and Parma violets. Some trim little toques are made entirely of violets, with bunches of tulle and fancy quills on one side.

The regular style of trimming is entirely abandoned—in fact, spring millinery seems to have gone to the other extreme. Hats are turned up in every odd way possible, and toques are trimmed either in front or on one side, so as to do away with any regularity of form. Some little toques for theater wear have crowns of cloth-of-gold; and a toque with flaring wings is of cloth-of-silver embroidered with gold and trimmed with pink roses.

But to describe some of Virot's prettiest spring models. There are a number of fancy black straws trimmed with velvet in the bright green that is so modish now. One has the rolling brim turned up in an irregular three-cornered shape, and an additional trimming of pink roses and black cock plumes. A dear little toque is of shot blue and green straw. There is a ruffled band of peacock's plumage resting on the hair. Many hats and toques are trimmed with violets, and a profusion of tulle is used. There are no strings and a scanty number of ostrich feathers. Neck boas are huge ruffles of two shades of tulle, with a shot effect in front. A charming one of green and violet tulle accompanies a toque of violets and fancy green straw arranged with a pale green cloud of tulle.

No Candidate to Love.

Detroit Tribune.

It will perhaps make a bachelor girl out of Indiana.

A NOVEL PACE-MAKER

MAINTAINS A DESIRED SPEED AND A BELL RINGS CONSTANTLY.

May Be Set for Any Speed, from Ten to Thirty Miles an Hour—News of General Interest to Wheelmen.

There are more new novelties in the line of bicycle sundries this year than ever came out before in one season. A bell that is attached to the end of the hand grip and rings by the pressure of the thumb, is one that is unique. In appearance it seems to be simply the metal tip of the grip, and except for the fact that closer examination shows it is not directly connected with the grip, no one would know it was a bell.

A new pace-maker that operates by centrifugal force is a thing that will undoubtedly have a large sale. A bell is attached to the front fork of the wheel, and to one of the spokes is a small attachment that moves in and out as it is thrown by the centrifugal force of the revolution of the wheel. The faster the wheel goes around the further towards the rim is this little attachment thrown. It is restrained by a spring, and drops back in its place as the speed is slackened. When it is set for ten miles an hour, that speed will cause the little attachment to be thrown out far enough to strike the bell at every revolution, but when the speed slackens the bell no longer rings. It may be set for any speed up to thirty miles an hour by simply tightening the spring that counteracts the centrifugal force. As long as the speed for which the instrument is set is maintained the small bell rings with every revolution of the wheel.

The American bicycle has at last found its way into Switzerland, where it has been fought for several years because it was contended that it is too fragile and light for the heavy mountain roads of that country. The American consul at Geneva, in a recent report, says an American agent was there a few weeks ago and departed with a large cash order, which will have the effect of taking a large portion of the trade from English and French manufacturers.

It is said that every presidential campaign brings out something new in the way of creating enthusiasm for the leading tickets. Next fall will undoubtedly see bicycle campaign clubs as the latest feature for bringing crowds out for evening parades and speakings. In former years the boys have received lanterns, uniforms, flags, drums, etc., as an inducement to turn out and make the crowds larger, but this year it will likely be bicycle lamps of varied colors, gongs and fancy colored caps, probably acorns, paired by sweaters to complete a club's uniform. It will be somewhat of a novelty to see campaign clubs on wheels, but the tendency is that way and they will undoubtedly be there.

The Philadelphia Item has ordered one hundred carriers, similar to those seen on the streets here for the delivery of small packages, which will be used for the carrier boys in the delivery of the paper. This will be the first paper in the United States to adopt the carrier for the transportation of its papers.

Besides the seven bicycle stores already preparing to occupy rooms in the first three blocks of North Pennsylvania street, the Vanguard will be sold at No. 106, just South of Hearsey's stand.

Last year the L. A. W. had the most remarkable growth of its history, but it was only in keeping with the great increase in the number of wheelmen throughout the country. During the year there was an increase of 13,571 members in the league, making the total membership at the end of the year 39,711. Of this increase New York contributed 6,265, or almost one-half of the total of new members. This places New York at the head of the list of States, the place that has so long been held by Massachusetts. Indiana shows only a small increase, from 242 to 274, an increase of thirty-two members. During the year 1895 the gross receipts of the L. A. W. were $61,580.08, an increase of more than $9,000 over the best previous year.

With the greatly increasing interest in wheeling it is thought this year will show an increase in L. A. W. membership of fully twenty thousand, which will bring the membership up to 60,000. The month of January, which is not a good month for increases on account of the small interest in wheeling at that time of the year, has added almost one thousand new names to the list.

The New York Legislature has before it a bill granting the commissioners of Oneida county the right to tax bicycles for the purpose of raising money to build bicycle paths along the public roads. The tax will be placed at 50 cents or $1. There will be a provision that the law shall not be operative until it has been sanctioned by a majority of the wheel owners of the county. This is tried as an experiment and is causing considerable comment among wheelmen throughout the country.

Cleveland is coming in line with the movement that has been inaugurated in many cities to prevent the sprinkling of streets at times when it makes it disagreeable for wheelmen. The Cleveland Federation of Wheelmen, which has recently been organized, will make an effort to have this nuisance abated. In St. Louis the plan of leaving an unsprinkled path on each side of the street has been successfully tried.

Fond du Lac will have a cinder bicycle track in the grounds of the racing association.

The Indianapolis Cycle Club will give a smoker next Wednesday evening, to which all the wheelmen of this city are invited. A music programme has been arranged and several prominent bicycle dealers, also city officials of the L. A. W., have been asked to talk on wheeling. The smoker will be held at the clubhouse, No. 81 North Delaware street.

The thorn that has rankled in the breasts of all true amateur wheelmen in the shape of Class B has been finally eliminated by the L. A. W. It is a thing of the past. All B men may choose now whether they will be amateurs or professionals, but after once choosing, if they conclude to be professionals, they will be barred from ever again attempting to pass as amateurs. Class B was composed of riders who were in the pay of manufacturers, but who in no other way were disqualified from being classed as amateurs. It will now be professional or amateur. In the future amateurs must race within their own State, or not more than one hundred miles away from home if in another State. A violation of this rule places them on the professional list and bars them from membership in the L. A. W.

A Hint or Two.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

Lace of a distinct yellow, much deeper than butter color, is combined with black plaited net.

Accordion plaiting is used everywhere and upon everything. Even velvet has been treated thus.

There is a perfect rage for white glace gloves for street wear. Those showing black stitching are chosen.

A unique set of shirt waist studs was made by mounting gold dollars, each one of which had been a keepsake.

The fashion of odd sleeves is decidedly economical, and some very pretty results are obtained, as well, by following this style.

Well-cut cloth costumes heavily trimmed with braid, the bodices showing vests of fancy velvet, are now being worn by up-to-date women.

Many belted bodices show a couple of round or square tabs at the back—or a plaited semicircular piece is added, not unlike the ripple of two years ago.

There is no material that is more universally popular than serge, and the reason is not far to seek, for it would be difficult to find anything that will stand so much hard wear, and resist bad weather so satisfactorily.

Unique and showy are the plaited collarettes of black satin ribbon, with rosettes of bright colors introduced between the plaits. One such had rosettes of green and magenta ribbon with poppy centers.

Fancy insertions of all styles, in passementerie, applique embroidery, tinsel, lace and batiste are shown; they enter largely into the ornamentation of gowns and capes. Later in the season they will be superseded by strips of Swiss embroideries in white and ecru.

The balloon sleeve, so dear to the feminine heart just now, proves very useful for smuggling. All kinds of small dutiable articles can be brought over the border from Canada, in the capacious sleeve, and yet the custom house officers have not detected the fraud.

Mixed colorings are useful from a point of view of becomingness, as a dash of a rather trying shade can often be worn when a mass of it would be quite out of the question. This is particularly the case with colored materials shot with black, or with black boucle effects on them, and that, no doubt, is one reason for their popularity.